The Wilmerding Life

March '08

BAY COUNTIES PRESS
INCORPORATED
PRINTERS.
1059 CASTRO STREET.
OAKLAND, CALIF.

John McHenry
ARCHITECT AND
ENGINEER
3343 Twenty-second Street
San Francisco. Cal.

THE WILMERDING LIFE

CONTENTS

Page

The Shepherd Near Monterey (Thos. H. Freese, '06) 5
Founder's Day Address 9
Uncle Ben's Pirate Story (Jno. Bridgeford, '08) 12
The Delayed Wedding (R. Gunn, '10) 17
Uncle Parker's Ghost (Max Bridgeford, '11) 19
The Snuff Hollow Race (V. Franz, '10) 21
Editorials 24
School Notes 27
Athletics 30
The Alumni 33
Exchanges 35
Joshes 38

Literary

Frontispiece-"One by one the few victuals are prepared."

THE WILMERDING LIFE

VOL. V MARCH, 1908 NO. 2

The Shepherd Near Monterey

—THOS. H. FRESE, '06,

The sun has just gone down, taking with it what a few minutes before were long stretching shadows, leaving over the distant pines near Monterey a trial of yellow that grows fainter as the moments go by. Following, comes a soft wind and, as it wrestles with the storm-battered oaks scattered here and there, sends out a low, murmuring song which alone seems to save a bright and cheerful spring day, in the foot-hills, from a quiet ending. Step by step the far extending landscape fades to a duller green and, mingling with the vanishing sky in the distance, makes it appear as though heaven and earth were on the verge of uniting.

Up an open ridge moves a great body of sheep, tired from a long day's grazing. Slowly but steadily onward they are urged by the shepherd behind them. Roughly but strongly clad is he, with a rain-coat thrown over one shoulder. Age is plainly marked by a bent figure and a stick to steady his step. Nothing appears to interest him, not even a passing stranger. To each side are the dogs lazily holding their positions. Now some sheep fall behind, but the dogs are aware of their duty, and by giving a few sharp and threatening barks, startle these stragglers, till again they catch up. This and many another lesson were taught the dogs when quite young and so through the day they save their master much tramping.

Over the ridge they all go on a trot into a basin where are the corrals and the patched-up tent of the herder. It is a lonesome spot and appears to have been modeled by nature as a stronghold to defy the piercing winds that steal up through the neighboring cañons in the night-time. Into the semi-circular corrals rush the sheep and the day's journey is ended.

To his tent goes the herder and, pulling aside the canvas, throws the coat in a heap on his blankets. In a minute more, through the clear evening air, rings the sound of his ax, as he chops a near-by log, splitting wood for a fire. Far to the sides fly the chips, humming with anger at his skillful maneuvering.

Bringing enough for the morning, it's thrown down by the cook-irons and the ashes scraped out from under. With the wood placed cone-like, the heaviest pieces on top, a match is touched to the kindling. As soon as a blue smoke ascends and a blaze safely started, he's off to a near-by spring with a bucket in each hand for water.

Meanwhile, the dogs are not idle, but sniffing around where they ate their last fill in hopes that something might have been forgotten. They are a friendly pair and well understand each other.

Now comes back the water, splashing from all sides, as it's awkwardly

swung along. From off a bench the old coffee-pot is taken and given a thorough cleaning. It looks like some black demon and, but for the clinching wires, handle and lid would have long ago deserted.

"Not very good looking," he often mutters; "but how can we ever part, as you have boiled faithful before me twice each day for the last four winters." Half-filled with water it takes its place by the fire.

From a tree near by he takes down a slab of bacon, so cut that the rind is left hanging. One by one are the few victuals prepared and after being well cooked and seasoned, into the frying-pan they go—which answers for plate and dishes. Resting on knees with face toward the fire, he partakes of the meal, disregarding manners and neatness.

Eagerly the dogs watch as they wait for their grub when he's finished. Minutes seem like hours, but they know it's best to be patient. Now comes their turn, and oh! such wagging of tails and forgetting of tired feelings. Bodies drawn up and ears set back, they eat as though time was limited. Both finished, they exchange places with hopes of finding something passed over. However, this seldom happens.

In the meantime the pots and pans have been piled together, but their washing is left 'til morning.

Standing, back to the fire and head on his chest, the herder rolls a cigarette, being careful no tobacco is wasted. Poking it against a coal, it is lighted and, puffing slowly, the old man seems to be receiving relief as he blows smoke from both mouth and nostrils. Throwing aside the stump, he enters the tent with a lantern which gives out such a light that it seems only to make things duller. A case containing a fiddle is brought from a corner; split and battered from end to end and but for the support of a rope would long ago have gone to pieces. What matters this, if the instrument within be in proper condition? For years has it been a close companion, and time and rough care have left their marks. One by one the strings are twisted in shape and the bow well rosined; then he strikes a tune that he heard one night at an inn in Wyoming. That was years ago when he lived the life of a cowboy. Dashing times were those and so he plays it, as it makes him, for the time, feel younger. Now he sings to the music, his voice sounds cracked, but the words are of what he is thinking. One tune after another is played and to a thoughtful listener it would be evident that the later years of his life had been passed in seclusion. Pieces he played, that to many would sound old and some even forgotten. To end with, a piece is played which he loves above all others. It takes him back to Scotland when a lad of from sixteen to twenty. This finished, his heavy heart overcomes him, sending back to its case the fiddle.

Lantern in hand, he starts for the corrals and on pulling aside the canvas, behold! the big moon peeps over the mountain, bringing back shadows, similar to those which had departed with that evening's sun. One by one they had sneaked back in all shapes and sizes.

Hardly away from the tent, when suddenly from a knoll just above comes

"Suddenly from a knol—comes the wailing howl of a coyote."

the wailing howl of a coyote. From the next knoll he is answered, and so on to an infinite distance making the very stars seem to tremble and the cold of the night to grow more intense. The dogs return the challenge, but they know he's only bluffing. Now the howling stops and only the ranch dogs in the distance can be heard calling him coward, sneak and fool, daring him to come nearer.

High on a post overlooking the corrals is hung the lantern. Like a sentinel it holds its position and by its dim light frightens away the wild beasts that travel in cover of darkness. Thus it reigns the night long and with the aid of the dogs, checks many a stampede that otherwise might happen.

Leisurely the herder walks back with hands thrust to the bottom of his pockets, still somewhat heavy at heart from the last tune played on his fiddle. Gazing at the stars he guesses the time and then enters his ghost-like abode to rest until morning.

Under the tattered blankets with coat thrown over and eyes half-closed, he listens. Far down the coast below Monterey can be heard the dashing breakers of the mighty Pacific thundering up against its rough shores, sounding like a great battle at its fiercest clashing, with each minute bringing victory nearer and nearer. Then gradually these sounds fade away as sleep slowly takes him a captive.

All night long the vapors fall, and at intervals the sheep-bells jingle, which breaks the stillness of the night.

Toward the early hours of morning the fog enters the valley in the distance. Like a massive army it moves, onward, onward, and then into the cañons of the foot-hills. Here its pace seems to be checked and on nearing, the basin appears to have become exhausted. Stubbornly it holds its ground for a while, but finally, defeated by the high massive hills, hurriedly retreats.

At the first ray of light the herder awakens, hears the crow of the roosters from the neighboring ranches, and arises. Walking out, he is met by the dogs, who in a playful way jump up against him to show their gladness, until told to be quiet. Coffee made and a general clean-up gone through in a hurried manner, they're off by the early light of morn, into the wet grass to direct the sheep for another day. Up hill, over hill, and down hill they go, during the morning hours. If the noon-day sun be too warm, they while away the time in the shade of wide-spreading oaks. So life goes on, day by day, with one lone shepherd in the foot-hills near Monterey.

Founder's Day Address

Delivered by Mr. W. A. Gates and arranged from notes taken by Sullivan, Scovel and Brown.

On February 7th, Founder's Day was observed by this school and the annual speech was delivered by Mr. W. A. Gates, Chairman of the Society of Charities and Corrections. The speaker was introduced by Mr. Merrill and his speech was as follows:—

Mr. Merrill, Teachers and Students: I have been all through your school and I think the only trouble is, that we have not more like them, and I think there is no other school just like this in the country. Now I am enthusiastic over Industrial Schools and Industrial Education.

Within the last fifty years a great revolution has taken place. No other fifty years in the world's history has seen such great advances made in all directions as has this last. Improvements in transportation have brought the distant parts of the world together, and inventions in machinery have greatly increased the variety of commodities and cheapened the process of their production. When I was a boy we had few of the commodities and conveniences which are known today. Every one had to raise crops to keep the country supplied with food. They raised the sheep, carded the wool and wove the cloth with which to make their clothes. But all this has changed. There are now commodities and necessities which were unheard of fifty years ago.

One of the first results of these changes has been that fewer people are now required to produce the world's food supplies and more have accordingly been released to produce articles of convenience and luxury. This released population has congregated in the cities, which owing to new means of transportation and improved machinery, have become important railroad and factory centers.

Fifty years ago a man could be a jack-of-all-trades, but today calls for a master of one and frequently a master of a particular part of one. Today calls for a man who knows his trade thoroughly and this requires training.

Another result of this revolution is the doing away of the apprentice system. In the older days if a boy wished to learn a trade he apprenticed himself to a mechanic of the type he wished to become and so learned the trade. But now the apprenticeship system is a thing of the past. The mechanic is now working under a boss or employer. No employer wants to hire apprentices when they can get skilled mechanics. Besides this, a mechanic is working by the hour, so neither he nor the boss have time to bother with a boy. If a man does take a boy as an apprentice and finds him good at doing one particular thing, there he is kept and the apprentice merely becomes, as it were, a cog in the machinery.

The result of these changes demand schools such as this where boys can become mechanics. The labor unions are not to blame over the ousting of the apprenticeship system. When a man is employed to do a piece of work, he must work and not fool his time away instructing an apprentice-boy. The country must have more schools for learning a trade. There are plenty of schools

where a boy may study to become a lawyer or a doctor. But we have plenty of lawyers and doctors; what we need is more carpenters, bricklayers and plumbers. There are plenty of lawyers and doctors who would have made fine carpenters or electricians if they could have had the chance. If lawyers or doctors cannot earn a living honestly, they will make it dishonestly. There are a great many boy-criminals today who have become dishonest on account of inability to find work for their unskilled hands. They are not skilled in any particular thing, but are ready to turn their hand to anything. A boy should stick to one trade and learn it well if he expects to become successful. An untrained boy is not wanted on account of his inability to do good work.

There are more tramps roaming around over the country today than ever before, looking for work, they say. Some are really looking for work, but others have grown tired of looking and are just hunting a bite to eat and a place to sleep. Some can't get work, so get discouraged and become tramps and live on the people. Now, if these tramps were taught trades and set to work some people would no doubt argue that it would cause an over-production. But such is not the case, for if a tramp had money he would buy clothes, food and other material and thereby cause work for others. Take, for instance, a man going to work for $5 a day. He buys better clothes, eats better food than he did when working for less pay; in short, he becomes a consumer as well as a producer. If, on the other hand, he becomes a tramp and does not work, he still eats. Although the food is of a poor class, still we feed him, and as he begs his clothes we therefore clothe him; and so he is a constant burden to all. If he becomes a criminal we must pay large sums for his prosecution, and if he is convicted we must pay other large sums to feed, clothe and care for him while in prison; so, therefore, he becomes a consumer but not a producer. From this we see there is no chance of an over-production.

Some people then ask, What has caused our hard times, if it is not over-production? Well, it is just this: Six months ago this country was enjoying the greatest time of prosperity in its history. But all at once some one in Wall Street was found to be crooked and the people lost their confidence in the banks. Seventy-five per cent of the business of the world is carried on by the credit system and the other twenty-five per cent is carried on by real circulation of gold and silver. We will say a bank is incorporated for $100,000 capital. Now this bank loans out about $75,000 of that capital to factories and other places of business who employ men and women. The business institutions give the bank a note promising to pay back the money within a certain time. The bank pays the depositors, say three and one-half per cent for the use of the money and they charge about six and one-half per cent to the institution to which it is loaned. But some bank officials are not satisfied with these returns, so they place the money in wild-cat ventures in which there is small chance of winning out. If they should win the investors will gain twelve per cent on their money; if they fail the bank is forced to close its doors. One bank fails and the people all lose confidence in the rest of them and demand their money, for fear

the rest will fail also. The banks, although solvent, cannot pay these depositors, for they have loaned the money to the factories, so they close their doors and ask the factories to pay back the borrowed money. The factories pay back the money, but are forced to close their doors because of lack of funds to pay the wages of their employees. This throws hundreds out of employment and keeps them out until confidence in the banks is restored.

Most of the banks are honest, but occasionally a dishonest one is found. In a way this is our own fault, for we have the power of electing the bank examiners and commissioners, and if these were honest officials and attended to their business and prosecuted these bankers to the full extent of the law, so as to let them get a taste of San Quentin, there would be, no doubt, a great reform, not only in banking institutions, but in the prison systems also.

Again, some people blame organized capital for the hard times. Organized capital is necessary for great undertakings. Many industries of today would be impossible without these combinations. But organized capital should not be given any special privileges so as to drive out competition, for as soon as it acquires these privileges it becomes a danger and menace to the country. Nor must we overlook the great combinations of labor. Organized labor has become necessary to deal with organized capital. The labor unions have done much good and will continue to do so, but there are certain things that it must also respect.

There shall be no limit put upon the number of boys who wish to learn a certain trade. Every boy must have the right to choose his own trade or occupation. The boy should have a free will in making his choice and no union or corporation has a moral or legal right to say, "This trade is full and no more shall learn it."

After having learned his trade, the boy has a perfect right to engage in it and if any organization says he shall not, then it is breaking the law and is as big a menace as organized capital.

Unions have no right to limit the amount of work a man shall do in a day, for this holds a good man back and destroys the ambition of the poor man, for if he gets the same wages for good work as he does for poor work, then he will not try to improve.

Young men, you are soon to leave this school to tread the various walks of life. You are all anxious to succeed, but there is no elevator to success; you must go up a long winding stair, step by step, by the aid of your own powers. The stairs must be kept clear for all who wish to climb them. We must permit no lazy climber to cling to those who are passing and no selfish climber to block the way.

We do not want in this country a social system like the strata of rocks, not one of which can get above another except as the result of some great upheaval, but rather one, like the waters of the ocean, every drop of which can freely rise among its fellows until it sparkles on the crest of the highest wave.

Uncle Ben's Pirate Story

—JOHN BRIDGEFORD, '08.

"They say that the days of pirates are over, but from my experiences in the South Seas in 1893, one would gather an entirely different opinion," mused Uncle Ben, as he leaned back in his old cane rocker and stretched his feet out to the large open fire. My three friends and I were all attention at the prospects of a story from Uncle Ben.

Uncle Ben was an old man who had been a sailor, cow-puncher, Indian fighter and miner, and he had seen a great deal of the world in pursuing his many callings. At the age of fifty years he had retired on a pension, and was now comfortably living in a two-roomed cabin. We were seated in the larger of the two with no light other than that furnished by the crackling fire. The rain was pouring down in torrents outside and we could hear the distant roar of the ocean. An evening with our old friend, who always gave us a warm welcome, was a pleasure we could well be thankful for, if only for the diversion it furnished from our regular routine of studies or evenings spent at the frat house.

Our host was a tall, lean personage, square shouldered and erect. He had a long, gray beard, white hair and shaggy eyebrows, from which gleamed a pair of keen, blue eyes which would take on a peculiar brightness from time to time. He sat with his arms resting on his chair, his head bowed slightly, and his eyes gazing steadily into the blazing fire. The rest of us were stretched out lazily on anything comfortable.

"Tell us about your adventures in the South Seas, Uncle Ben," said Burbank, who was nearest the old man. "You know we are always glad to listen to you and——"

"In fact," I interrupted, "that's just why we came to see you this evening. During the last week I have been bored to death for want of diversion."

His eyes showed that he was keenly pleased at what we said. He laughed softly and replied: "Oh, you boys! Such things as I can tell, can hardly be of much interest to you. You see, I am not a very good hand at story-telling, and——"

"There, there, Uncle Ben," cried Wentworth. "You know very well your stories are of interest to us, or you would not say what you do. You also know that if it were not for you our life in this school of art would be a veritable drag."

"Thank you, Bob, for saying so," Uncle Ben returned, and clearing his throat, he began his story.

"As I said before, it was in 1893 when I was first mate on the tramp steamer 'Scott'. A better boat never plowed water, and for weathering a gale and high speed running she couldn't be beat by any craft of her class. We had a fine master aboard, who knew the sea like a book, and I never knew him to lose his temper or get rattled once in all the four years I was with him.

"We had discharged our cargo in Calcutta and had taken on one of spices, Indian silks and ornaments, and several cases of valuable drugs. A large sum of money was also intrusted to the care of the captain, who was to take it to the owner. No one knew of the gold except the captain and myself. Most of the men were old hands and all of them liked the captain. Six or seven new ones cut up a little at first, but when they knew the old man better they were as mild as lambs.

"We were booked to sail east to Melbourne, then to Hongkong, where we were to get two agents of the company. After that we had to sail to New Orleans without stopping, except in cases of emergency. It was in July and a warm drizzling rain was falling; but the sailing was good and the sea calm. We arrived at Melbourne without a hitch. We were there four days, and during that time took on a supply of coal. On the last day, just as the captain and myself were leaving shore for our ship, a low, mean-looking tramp came up and saluted us·

" 'I say, Cap'n,' says he, 'what's the chances for a berth on your tub?'

" 'I dunno,' says the Captain, 'What can you do?'

" 'Oh, most anything you say, ole man, most anything!'

" 'What's your name?'

" 'Collins' my name, Cap'n, Collins.'

" 'The captain says to me in a whisper, 'What do you think of him, Mate?'

"I wasn't much taken to the fellow and told the old man so. He says, 'Same here!' and told Collins that there was nothing doing in his line. As we pulled for our ship we heard him swear at us and saw him turn his back and slink away to a group of men of about his class. He spoke a few words to them and pointed to our row-boat, and then all of them turned up the street out of sight. And so the incident passed from our minds and we gave it not another thought.

"Early the next morning we put out from Melbourne and headed for Hongkong, and a few days later dropped anchor at that port. Our stop here was for only one day. The captain and I and four of the crew went ashore to get the two agents. While we were waiting for them I happened to glance up a narrow side street, just in time to see Collins, our acquaintance of Melbourne, dodge quickly around a corner. I told the captain of the matter, and when I had finished, a slight frown, wrinkled his brow. Evidently he was annoyed, but at any rate he kept his annoyance to himself.

"That afternoon we weighed anchor and started on our long journey around the Horn.

"About noon of the second day out, just after we had passed the Ladrone Islands, we sighted a large Chinese junk about ten miles astern. We thought nothing of the presence of the craft at the time, but she was destined to cause us much trouble. That afternoon one of our engines broke down, and we were forced to drop anchor. Thirty hours were consumed in the repair of our dis-

abled machinery, but we were under way at about eight o'clock the next evening.

"That night was an extremely dark one. The moon was not due to rise until about 1:30. The air was clear, however, and a stiff, cool breeze was blowing. Every one except the watch turned in at about ten o'clock, most of them being exhausted by long periods of work. It happened that I was on the first watch, so I took my position on the bridge. As I walked to and fro I unconsciously repeated in my mind the scene at the docks in Melbourne. Somehow or other, I couldn't keep that fellow Collins from my thoughts. His mean expression and sneaky actions made me shudder even to think about them. I had seen a great many persons of the sneaking type, but none impressed me so disagreeably as this one.

"I walked to the railing and leaned over, listening to the pleasant sound of the water falling to either side of the prow. Gradually the thoughts of Collins were displaced by thoughts of my home returning. I had not seen my native country for over two years. My dreams of my friends and home were shortly to be realized. I was so content I began to sing:—

" ' 'Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.'

"In my youth I never knew what those words meant, but now their meaning came to me with full force,—

" 'Home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place——'

"The words died on my lips. I had heard the unmistakable swish of water against the side of a wooden vessel. I looked ahead, but it was so dark I could see nothing. I glanced at the pilot and he, too, was straining his eyes for a glimpse of the craft. He signaled for full speed astern and then raised the slide of one of the signal lamps. Although its rays were very dim, we managed to make out a black hulk a little off to starboard.

"The pilot swore furiously and, seizing his megaphone, yelled, 'Hey, you! Ship ahead! Are you asleep?' He received no answer.

"In the meantime, having anticipated an accident, I had signaled to the forecastle for all hands on deck. As a result lights began burning in all quarters of the ship. Several men came rushing up the companion to the deck half-dressed and others followed quickly in their underclothing. Suddenly the captain appeared in their midst and ordered the bumpers made ready. Others were sent to the davits to prepare for the launching of the boats.

"In the meantime the other craft came riding gently toward us, without a sound except the creak of her yard-arms and the swish of water against her prow. As she hove within the rays of our lights we saw several men lying on the deck apparently asleep. And then an ejaculation uttered by the pilot brought us to the realization of the fact that the craft was the Chinese junk we had seen a few hours before. She was now within twenty-five yards of us and, in spite of the many hails from our men, no one stirred on board. Her course lay a few

yards ahead of us.

"The captain walked up to me and said, 'Strange, hey, Mate?' There was a queer note in his voice and I knew he was uneasy. He went on talking, half to himself, 'If the crew were asleep they would certainly wake up, and if'—he gripped me by the arm—'they're dead, Mate, they've been—Good God!'

"The junk had slowly approached us until within about forty feet, and then, as we looked, we saw the men arise as if by magic, and with a quick and skillful movement they brought the craft alongside our bow. Astonishment was so great among us that no one even moved a foot until the captain issued a sharp order for the crew to line up on the side of the ship. He then whispered an order to the pilot, who immediately took two of the crew and went hurriedly below. Turning to the crew he said, loudly and rapidly: 'Now, men, stand by and don't lose your nerve. Provide yourselves with weapons. No, don't leave the deck', he cried, sharply, as two or three made for the companion ladder; 'grab the nearest thing in your reach and belay the first dog that shoves his head above the rail. Look sharp! Great Caesar!'

"The crew acted as the captain talked. A Chinaman's burly head above the rail had caused his first exclamation. One of our men struck out with an iron bar, and with a groan the miscreant fell back. Just as the body disappeared, another's head and shoulders became visible, and with a shudder I recognized—Collins! I was given no time for reflection, however, for the enemy began looming up all along the rail. Our men were not a little active; clubs, bars, spikes, and chains were swinging through the air, many of them finding their marks. Our enemy were armed with formidable knives, guns and revolvers.

"I was standing on the bridge near the captain, fascinated by the scene below. Suddenly the captain grabbed me gruffly by the arm and said, 'You dreamer, get below and do your duty! I needed no second command, but scrambled down to the lower deck and ran into the arms of the pilot.

" 'Here, mate,' said he, 'give me a hand.'

"He had gone to the store-room and brought out weapons and ammunition. We loaded the guns and distributed them among the men. All this happened in less than two minutes.

"The enemy, in spite of our resistance, managed to board our ship. It was only when they were lined up in front of us that we were able to gain a knowledge of what we were to deal with. They were indeed a motley array: Chinese, Russians, Hindoos, Americans, all under the leadership of Collins, who was either English or American, I don't know which. We had no time for speculation, however, for without a word or an order from their leader they sprang fiercely at us. A fierce hand-to-hand struggle ensued, in which blood flowed freely. We outnumbered them about three to two, but they were well acquainted with their nefarious business. Amid the shots from guns, the clash of knives, and shouts of excited and desperate men, I succeeded in working up

to the front and getting in a few good licks. I saw Collins grimly attacking our men with a heavy sabre. He saw me and with a grin rushed at me with uplifted weapon. One of the crew saw him just in time to ward off the blow aimed at my head. I thanked him with my eyes, aimed my revolver at my aggressor and fired. At the same moment I felt a stinging blow behind my ear, which caused me to fall to my knees. In trying to arise I received another blow on my head and fell unconscious amid the struggle.

"A cold sensation on my temples made me realize that water was being used to bring me back to life. My head pained me furiously and my temples throbbed violently. It was light and the sun had just risen. Two of the crew were holding my head and shoulders on their knees. About me leaning against the railing and lying on the deck were ten or twelve men, wounded like myself. Up near the forecastle in irons and under guard were eight of the crew of the junk.

" 'How are ye, Mate?' asked the captain, who was kneeling beside me.

"I looked at him, but did not speak. In a short while I fell asleep. About twelve o'clock I awoke, feeling much better. I drank a glass of brandy and ate a biscuit, and then the captain told me of the last of the struggle.

"When the boys saw me fall, they determined to have revenge. The enemy was weakening gradually and our men pressed them hard.

" 'You see,' the captain went on, 'when you killed Collins——'

" 'Killed Collins!' I repeated in astonishment.

" 'Yes, just before that dago,' pointing to one of the men in irons, 'put you to sleep. The dogs lost their courage when their leader fell, which was most fortunate for us. We had no trouble in beating them down. A good many jumped overboard and disappeared. We managed to capture eight and we mean to keep 'em, too.'

" 'How many of us did they get, Captain?' I asked.

" 'Six,' he replied, shortly, and turned away.

"In walking the deck that afternoon I noticed that we had the junk in tow. It was one of the many crafts which are common in the South Seas; very orderly in appearance, but, when manned by sailors of such stamp as our prisoners, are readily converted into full fledged pirate ships.

"We steamed rapidly eastward and, upon arriving at Santiago, Chili, placed our prisoners in the hands of the American Consul. They were afterwards sent to the United States, where they were tried and convicted of piracy, and sentenced to prison. The remainder of our journey was uneventful. We arrived at New Orleans without further trouble from any source."

* * * * * *

When Uncle Ben finished we arose, thanked him heartily and complimented him on his interestng narrative. He shook us all by the hand, and, after bidding him good night, we stepped out into the rain and trudged home in silence.

The Delayed Wedding

—R. GUNN, '10.

It was my wedding day, and though the cold mountain blizzard whistled and moaned in the giant pines at the rear of the house, it phased me not. I was happy and all the wind and snow in the universe could not change me.

With a sniff in accordance with my buoyant nature and my disregard for country warnings, I refused the advice of my father to take a gun; I did not want to be burdened on my wedding day with such a useless weight. It was with great misgivings that father had consented to my going to Katy's home in the morning instead of waiting until afternoon and going with the rest of them. But I wanted to be alone for a little while on this, my great day of days.

So, in accordance with my stubborn will I set out to walk the four short miles to the home of William Barnett, Katy's father. It was with a light heart that I struck out across the clearing and, taking up the narrow cow-trail, I plunged into the tall pine forest.

The trail was steep and treacherous, and I gingerly picked my way along the narrow path. Soon the crest of old Bald Mountain was reached, and the forest lay behind me. Here I struck the old log road, and strange to say, I began to think of my past hard pull for existence; once or twice I caught myself thinking of this and struggling to overcome it; this was no time to depress one's mind with such grievances. But the muse was at work, and 'ere I had gone a half-mile I was wrapped in deepest meditation. Before me passed with awful reality my first two weeks in the great city; how often I longed for home and loved ones and—Katy, but I was too proud to say so; how I tramped those endless streets searching employment; how I had tried to tell one foreman of a shop that my willingness to learn overcame my inexperience, and how roughly he had ejected me into the street; how thankful I was when last I found work with a large firm, as janitor; humble as it was it gave me the money to keep my appetite satisfied. Clearly, I remembered the midnight struggle with the burglar in my employer's office, and the five long weeks in the hospital as a result of it, but this all took second place to my joy when the oldest partner of the firm came to me, while I was still in bed, and told me of my promotion. I lingered long on the letters from home when they heard of my success, especially on Katy's letter. She knew I would make good. I complimented myself, and why should I not? Instinctively, my step grew lighter and quicker as I remembered my errand; here I was holding a position of honor and responsibility; I was a self-made man; I had come home to claim my bride; I should be congratulated, and, being alone, I had to do that myself.

My mind traveled back with lightning rapidity to my apartment; soon it would be "ours", we would furnish it to suit Katy's taste; how cosy it would be. I pictured her now at the top of the stairs waiting to greet me when I came home from the office at night.

At this juncture a large black bear ambled across the path ahead of me and entered the brush on the opposite side. It made me feel nervous, but he seemed peaceably inclined and apparently did not see me; but no such luck was mine, for suddenly rounding a sharp turn I came face to face with bruin. He stared steadily at me with his glassy eyes, but remained silent and stationary, his great red tongue lolled from his shiny mouth and so motionless did it stay that I concluded it must be frozen; the idea cheered me, a bear with a frozen tongue was certainly not very dangerous, so I concluded to make a short circle and pass around him, but the minute I moved he rose to meet me. He advanced steadily toward me, so awkward was he and so steadily did he return my flashing glance, that I concluded he was a tame bear, maybe escaped from a circus or some peddler, for surely the bears were exterminated from this neighborhood; as he came near I reached out my hand to pet him for there was a strong leather strap around his neck; but as I did so he rose, with a loud growl, on his haunches. No bear with a frozen tongue could growl that way, so with fear I turned and fled, for even if he were tame he was not to be trifled with.

Glancing back I saw him awkwardly pursuing me, so with great suppleness for a dignified business man I scrambled up a tree, while my grizzly friend, confused at this unexpected move, sat down a few rods off and regarded me in my elevated position with a curious air.

Once safely up the tree, I remorsefully remembered my father's parting advice. I hoped the bear would go away; but instead, he settled down in the snow and with his small shiny orbs fixed upon me, took up his watch. Occasionally he rose and walked in a small circle to keep up the circulation, then came back and lay down. Very often he would shake violently and at the same time rumble down in his bulging throat. At first I thought he was shivering, but no, it was not a shiver, it seemed more like a laugh; yes, it was a laugh,—a bear laugh—but somehow he seemed to know there was a joke being played on me. To me it was no joke—being treed by an angry bear when I was going to my wedding; it was also cold, and in my cramped position the cold was tripled.

After what seemed ages I remembered I had a watch and glancing at it I saw it was nearly four o'clock; the wedding was set for five. I had always been strict to keep my business appointments on time, and surely a wedding was more important than a thousand business contracts. What should I do? I had asked myself this same question for the last five hours, and when a dubious answer would come to me those staring eyes broke it to fragments.

"But all things come to those who wait", and I was no exception, for from the trail I heard a distant shout, and with vigor I answered it; the answering calls came nearer every moment. So excited was I that I scarcely noticed the bear, except that he was very nervous. Suddenly the rescuers appeared, and, glancing again at the bear, I saw not the bear, but my brother Tom, and in his hand the old family bearskin that we both played on when we were children —no wonder the leather tongue was stiff and the eyes glassy!

I did not join heartily in the laugh that followed. It was lucky for Tom that he was my brother and that there were eight strong men to hold me.

I look back over the ten years since this incident, and smile not so much at the fake bear as at the wedding. I see myself now as others saw me then, my torn trousers' leg pinned up with two large brass safety pins; a collar, four sizes too big; no necktie, and only two buttons on my vest; and being married, not at five o'clock but at eight,—then I smile again and this time out loud.

Uncle Parker's Ghost

—MAX BRIDGEFORD, '11.

It was a very dark Saturday night, and Uncle Parker was trudging home to the plantation. It was the custom, in those days, to let the slaves, who had been good during the week, go to town and, as usual, Parker was given leave to go. He had had a good time and was coming home with a sack full of things for some of the children.

Now Uncle Parker was a very religious negro and was not as superstitious as most of his people were. This night he was coming home as happy as a lark, perfectly contented with the world and himself. He was a good singer and was singing at the top of his voice, when all of a sudden he heard the clanking of a chain. The singing stopped short and he cast a startled look behind him. What he saw was enough to startle any one. He saw two great gleaming eyes not three yards behind him. For a moment he was visibly startled. Then his better sense came to his rescue. He walked along as usual, but again looked behind him. Whatever it was was coming closer and he could see great streams of vapor coming from its nostrils. Uncle Parker walked faster and this animal or whatever it was also walked faster. Finally he began to run, and at the same time casting another look behind him, only to see that the terrible creature was running just as fast and the chain clanking all the louder. Great clouds of vapor poured from its nostrils in the faint starlight of the clear cold night. Uncle Parker discerned great horns tipped with burnished brass, and the creature had hoofs. The thought came to him immediately that he was being chased by the devil himself. He prayed aloud to be delivered from him, and ran all the harder, getting more excited and frightened each moment.

He finally came to a large gate in this wooded forest that opened into his master's possessions. He never stopped to open it and, though it was seven or eight planks high, he went over it like a bird. Now he was only a quarter of a mile from his master's mansion. He ran like one possessed, though knowing that the gate had stopped the horrible creature. When he got to the house he ran upon the piazza and around to the side door, opening it and running straight

to his master's room, saying: "Oh, Marse William! for Lord's sake, wake up and sabe, sabe me! De debbil am shorely arter me. Oh, Marse, I tells you he is comin', as sho' as yo' is bo'n."

The poor old fellow was shaking and trembling like a leaf. His master arose immediately, saying: "Now Parker, what in heaven's name has possession of you? What has happened to frighten you in this way?"

"Marse William, I sholly hab done suthin' wrong, for de debbel hab followed me all de way home. He done hab great hoofed feet an' a great chain on his foot. His eyes dey shined like fiah an' his horns shined like brass an' his bref come lak clouds of steam, an' when I walk, he walk; when I run, he run; an' de farster I run, de farster he run. Oh, Marse, Marse, I tells you, old Parker gwine die dis night, for ol' Satan hab come fer him, sure!"

Parker's master nor his mistress could do nothing to appease his terror, though both talked to him a long time. He refused to go to the negro quarters and begged them to let him sleep on a pallet in the big hall, which his mistress finally consented to let him do.

The next morning the family as usual got ready for church, and Parker, being the coachman, had to drive them there, a distance of about three or four miles. He looked badly, as if his night's rest had not been very good. When they drove down the long carriage drive and wound around the knoll to the big gate where Parker had left the devil, they saw on the other side a great black ox with part of a chain welded to one of his forefeet and brass tipped horns. He belonged to a neighbor several miles away, and had a fashion of breaking into people's cornfields and so had been chained out. In some way he had broken loose and when Parker came along the lonely road, Mr. Ox, seeing the sack on his back, thought that it was something to eat, and so followed him. Of course, when Parker ran, the ox ran to keep up with the expected meal.

"Well, Parker," said his master, "here is your devil,—a perfectly harmless beast. What did I tell you? Now, I hope you will never allow yourself to become such a ninny again as to be frightened out of your wits, all by some one's old hungry ox."

The Snuff Hollow Race

—V. FRANZ, '10.

Martin Monroe's laugh was characteristic; it began in his long, lean throat, and by slow degrees worked its way out at the great toe with a last chuckle, as if dissatisfied at having to leave the comfortable abiding-place of Martin's good nature. This was his social laugh, the one he used when something occurred to make him happy or when he heard a new joke. He also had what may be termed his business laugh, which occurred more frequently and consisted of a creaky, rasping sound, which lasted only for a few moments, but was always finally ejected by a clearing of the throat. This was used to acknowledge the chestnut cracked by the grocery drummers and the threadbare anecdotes of the village loafers, also to pacify the persistent mothers who in lines of countless adjectives told of the irreproachable conduct of their children.

When Martin first came to Snuff Hollow the social laugh was often heard, but gradually the stories of the wonderful doings of aged men and ancestors were exhausted, until some one would think of a certain deed unreported and then the whole lot must be overhauled again and often a new piece attached to them. Martin was a bachelor and settled down to the steady grind of life, so naturally the social laugh gradually went out of existence like a dying coal, which, though nearly dead, if gently stirred, will sparkle and send flitting and gruesome shadows dancing on wall and ceiling. This tiny spark, too, if gently fanned and carefully fed, will start a mighty blaze.

But where was the fuel to come from in sleepy, stagnant Snuff Hollow? The latest arrival was some six months back, and in the form of Jim Brown's daughter, Sally, who had been deserted by her worthless husband, somewhere out West, and she had come home disgraced in the eyes of the whole community.

"Sall's" father had been hard on her since her return, and had made her "work out", but finally the talk died down and she settled to a quiet life.

"Uncle Jimmy" Brown, as he was fondly termed, came as usual for his mail on a certain spring day, and although somewhat surprised to see a letter for Sally, he said nothing. When, however, she announced to him that a friend from the West was to visit her, he became wrathy in the extreme, but he finally saw it could not be averted, and accordingly proceeded to pacify himself by thinking of the great honor it would be to him to bring this stranger to the village and of the excitement of which his family would be the center.

Nellie Lane arrived in Snuff Hollow by the stage on Saturday evening and was met by Mr. Brown and the big farm wagon. There was no need of a buttonhole bouquet for identification's sake, as she was the sole passenger that day.

The news of the arrival spread rapidly and by the time "Uncle Jimmy" reached Monroe's grocery store several of the prominent men of the town had congregated to see the visitor.

Martin was storekeeper, postmaster, etc., and so he made the first advances; the Browns did not know the art or necessity of introduction and to Martin's uncouth advance Nellie Lane shrank, but from an encouraging word from "Uncle Jimmy" she maintained a half-hearted conversation; meekly told her mother's maiden name, her father's occupation, her own name, the names of her brothers and sisters, told them that the father and mother of her father were both dead, but that her mother's parents were both living, and that she would stay about two months in Snuff Hollow, all with ill-concealed laughter.

The "reception committee" seemed satisfied and when on her departure she smiled an affable good evening to Martin, he promptly answered with his social laugh, while the crowd dispersed, excited and jubilant.

Sunday was a great day. The Methodist Church was packed and especially in the close proximity of the Brown pew, which was situated well forward, and consequently saved much rubber-necking. After service the women crowded around Miss Lane to get a good look at her hat, feel the goods in her dress, examine her finger-rings, and see the way her hair was dressed. The men gathered outside and while they did not want to seem concerned, could not refrain from criticising the way she sang. It was all so different that all but one thought there must be something wrong.

That one was Martin Monroe; he had sounded his social laugh twice that morning, to the consternation of the assembly, who deemed it sacrilegious when heard at or near the church. There was also one other who wavered in his condemnation of "the girl at Browns". That was Al Hepner, who owned the dry goods store of Snuff Hollow.

Time changes all things and so it changed Al. Friday night found him on his way to Brown's "to see Uncle Jimmy". Friday night also found Martin on the south road going to Brown's, "to see Uncle Jimmy". Al walked over while Martin rode; they met at the gate and, of course, both were coming to see Uncle Jimmy. Neither seemed to be inclined to go in right away, and the silence was embarrassing, but "Nig", the Brown's dog, arrived in time to break the silence, and both had to unite to keep the common enemy at bay until Miss Brown could arrive and hold him off while the two young men, with no excuse for not coming in, were ushered into the living room.

Uncle Jimmy welcomed them, expressed his surprise to see them out such a stormy night, and then proceeded to draw up chairs to the fire for them.

In a few minutes Sally and Miss Lane entered, whereupon both rose and awkwardly went through the ordeal of saying good evening and asking after the health of the ladies. Both were so confused that they did not notice the twinkle in Miss Lane's eyes nor the wink Sally passed to her companion.

For some time the Brown household was well supplied with stale grocery-store candy and fly-specked, faded ribbons. People noticed this, too, and slowly on their dull intellects the truth dawned. This was a race of love. The balance was tipping first toward one, then toward the other. The excitement

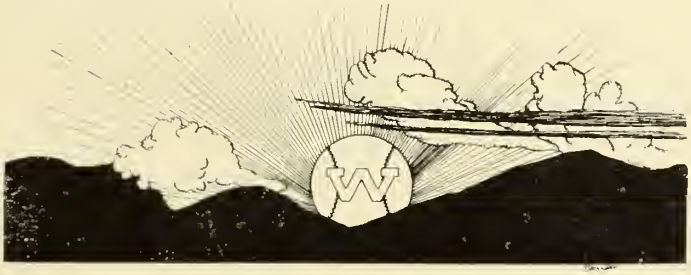
was at its height when Martin took her buggy-riding, but Al retaliated by secretly going to Brown's one afternoon and staying for supper. No one knew what was said, but Al was happy.

The two stores were closed at six every evening, instead of ten, but no one complained.

About this time Nellie Lane penned a note, a part of which ran something like this:

"Come and we will be married here, Jack. This is a quiet place, and it will be such a joke on the whole 'bunch' not to get to pepper us with rice and shoes. Yours,

"NELLIE."



Published quarterly by the students of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, Sixteenth and Utah Streets, San Francisco.

Copies of this issue will be forwarded to any address on receipt of 25c.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

THE WILMERDING LIFE

EDITORIAL STAFF:

FRANK A. FLINN, '08 ..... Editor-in-Chief
FRANK B. CLIFF, '09 ..... Assistant Editor
WILL TROWBRIDGE, '10 ..... Jokes
ROBT. P. GUNN, '09 ..... Exchanges
LEON WING, '08 ..... Athletics
VAL. FRANZ, '09 ..... School and Shop Notes
MELVIN A. MOOSER, '11 ..... Staff Artist
W. D. EGENHOFF, '04 ..... Alumni

MANAGEMENT

JOHN B. BRIDGEFORD, '08 ..... Business Manager

JAS. VOLLMAR, '11
HAROLD L. PHILLIPS, '10
ARTHUR BOHNERT, ,10
EMIL ZECHER, '09
..... Assistant Managers

When a new class, or in other words the Freshmen, enter High School, every thing is new to them; they are almost all strangers, and naturally are backward and timid about doing things, especially in athletics.

When a Senior or Junior shouts, in a commanding voice, "Drop that!" or "Get out the way!" the little Freshman does all he can to get out of the way, for he thinks the older boy knows what he is talking about, and sometimes he is just a wee bit frightened. The Senior goes on training, or doing whatever it might happen to be, the Freshman passing from his mind for the time being. The little Freshman, however, thinks just a little further; he gets out of the way,

and usually stays out of the way. He doesn't go out on the track or "butt into" the basketball practice, unless he is overly brave, because there is a Senior or Junior there who is better than he, and he is afraid of being ordered some more.

There isn't any, or perhaps we should say, there are not many who really stop and take a little time to get better acquainted with the Freshman. They do not try to help him out, by making him feel welcome or by showing him how to put the shot, or how to start on the track.

We really hear but little, except a few silly remarks, about the Freshman, until there is a Student Body meeting; then every speaker, almost, that gets up has something to say about the Freshman being so slow, so backward and so uninterested. Of course, they are backward and may be uninterested, but who is going to get them interested if the older classes do not? Who is going to make it interesting for them? In some parts of the state the Senior class always gives a dance or entertainment of some kind, for the Freshmen, so as to get acquainted and start the new class into the bright side of school life. This certainly is a good plan and should be practiced more among all our high schools. If they have to wait along and gradually come into it themselves, it takes time, hence they are slow, as you may hear at the rallies.

Around the Locker room and in the hallways you can hear captains of different teams coaxing Freshmen to come out and try. The Freshman refuses because he does not know just what it is and the captain lets him go. After a while the Freshman happens to be out on the track, but not in a track suit. He tries to jump over a hurdle, falls down on it, and maybe breaks it. Then is when the older boy's voice is heard, and it is sometime before the little Freshie tries again.

Perhaps the Freshmen are a good deal to blame for not entering student-activities more, but it seldom occurs to the Senior or Junior that they themselves are in a large part to blame for the Freshman's backwardness.

Now, Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, don't forget that you were all Freshmen once, and remember, it is up to you whether the Freshmen get interested in what you are doing or not. Do all you can, at all times, to get every one you can, Freshman or not, interested in some student activity.

And now, a word to the Freshmen: Don't be afraid of the older boy's higher standing, but start right in. The other fellow had to start sometime to be where he is now. Get out and make a showing; others will follow. Don't stand back because you are small. Some of those who have been most prominent in student activities have been your size.

Up to the last two or three years almost the entire time in all our public schools has been devoted to training the mind and hardly any time given to training the body. Students possessing vigorous bodies, who are out exercising during their spare moments, are fully able to afford the time that is given in school to mental development, but boys who are deficient in physical develop-

ment are unable to properly attend to their studies. An education is worthless unless there is good health to back it up; and this can only be obtained by hearty exercise. If the boys of our high schools ever expect to become successful business men, they should prepare themselves now.

The need of physical as well as mental education is beginning to be recognized in all the schools of the country. In several of our eastern schools the student is marked on the athletic work which he does, just as he is marked in his academic. In this way all the students in the school are brought out and the weaker ones are helped along and built up physically, while the mental qualities of quickness, determination and nerve are also brought out. In New York annual tests are held between schools of the same borough and then tests are made between the highest of the different boroughs. At least 80 per cent of the students must take part in these tests. This system of athletics actively engages a greater number of boys than any other. The showing of each boy is not "star-play", but goes to the honor of the school. Accordingly, pressure is brought to bear on the less active members by the other boys, so as to make them practice faithfully.

Another system used in the East, and which might be adopted here with advantage, is that of running events off by weight. This has proven much more satisfactory than by running them off indiscriminately, regardless of weight and size.

Something new in high school athletics is that of marksmanship, and a great deal of interest has been taken in it. This has been found to be unsurpassed for developing a clear brain, coolness and steady nerves. The guns used by the students were presented to the high schools by different men of the city.

Rowing is another form of athletics taken up by the New York league, but, although it ranks high as a form of exercise, it is beyond most high schools, owing to the expensiveness of equipment, and so is not likely to come in general use.

Swimming, however, is a sport that may be enjoyed by all, and a swimming club should be started in every high school. We have been given a good start here and we should finish up the good work.

One thing which should be discouraged in high school athletics is the athlete who enters an event for the medal alone. The athlete who does this is as much of a professional as is the man who enters a race for the money he can get out of it. There is nothing wrong in giving or receiving a medal or bar as merely a souvenir of the race; or in running for a medal or cup for the honor of the school, but if the athlete enters for the prize alone he will begin to go into other meets on the outside of school where better prizes are given and, before he knows it, he becomes a professional.

A good thing is to keep a record of winners of our inter-class and inter-department field days. The Harvard Military School in Los Angeles has a novel way of doing this: Metal shields, with the winning class or department, the date, and the score on them, are screwed up on the wall in a conspicuous place, so that all could see.

This quarter and the latter part of last quarter have seen several rallies and Student Body meetings.

On December 11th, a Student Body meeting was called, with Mr. Flinn in the chair. The minutes being read and approved, quite a few speakers were called upon. Mr. Daly told us about the interesting trip our football team had down to Visalia. Trowbridge also spoke about the general good times they had. Miss Edwards then brought forward a proposition which was that such persons who took part in student activities, other than athletics, such as Camera Club and the paper, for one year, be awarded a badge or medal to show the school's appreciation of their work. It met with approval and a committee was immediately appointed to look after these medals. Mr. Wood spoke about school in general and particularly urged the boys to pay their student body dues as soon as possible. Nominations were then opened for officers of the Student Body for the following year.

December 18th a meeting was called for the election of officers nominated December 11th, and resulted in the election of the following: President, Trowbridge; Vice-President, O'Neil; Secretary, Demeritt; Grounds and Property Committee, Dallas, Demeritt and Willison; Advisory Board, Miss Anderson and Mr. Daly.

The Student Body met for the first time this quarter February 5th. Trowbridge told the Freshmen what the Student Body was for. Bridgeford and Cliff spoke about the progress of the "Life". Miss Edwards' speech dealt principally on class organization, in which she urged the classes to keep up their monthly meetings. Messrs. Daly, Stadtfeldt, Demeritt, Grinsell, Wing and

Baumbaugh spoke on athletics in general. The boys were again told of the benefits of the Camera Club by Mr. Moore. Mr. Wood then made a motion which was passed, that we accept an offer of Mr. Dietterle to give an illustrated lecture on the Yosemite Valley. The Senior Class agreed to take the proposition in hand.

February 6th, Founder's Day was observed as usual. The address this year was given by Mr. W. A. Gates on present labor, social and industrial conditions, which proved to be very interesting. In the afternoon the Seniors, who were on the reception committee, took visitors around to the different shops and classes so as to let them see what we do in our school.

Through the kindness of Messrs. Dietterle, Gallagher and Jacobs, of Lick, the illustrated lecture on the Yosemite Valley was given in the mathematics room on the afternoons of February 13th and 14th. It was well supported as a great many students were present. The lecture, besides being interesting, was instructing, which we ought not to so easily forget. Our thanks to Messrs. Dietterle, Jacobs and Gallagher.

On February 21st, another meeting of the Student Body was called and it resulted in the bringing up of many points in the Constitution and its By-Laws. Braunagle spoke on the management of the Student Body. Then came discussions by Cliff, Wing, Bridgeford and Moore, on by-laws and election of members to the board of control. It was found out that there were two illegal members in the board of control, so a motion was made and carried that all business transacted by the board of control, on which these two voted, be reconsidered. The Treasurer's report was then read by Miss Edwards. Zecker spoke on the printing of the Constitution and its By-Laws in the next issue of the "Life". Miss Edwards and Roy Willison were called upon to speak of medals promised to athletes for breaking school ercords that were never given. The meeting adjourned with everybody in a mood of excitement.

The Wilmerding Band is again being organized, and if numbers count, it will be a success, as a good many fellows show up at practice. Last year it brought life to the baseball games, and let us hope that it will do the same this year. Everybody who can play an instrument has a chance, so don't be bashful, fellows, to try.

Well, there is one thing we lack in our school and that is a debating society. Besides developing our athletic powers, we ought to develop our mental powers. It is true that in our school years we learn how to express ourselves in a creditable manner, but we still lack self-control, which is a big factor in this great world of ours. A debating society would be a great help along this line. It brings us in touch with the most important questions of the day and with the best thoughts of thinkers. There is nothing better than to be able to say what you think and to be able to say it so that it demands the respect of the hearers. There are other things the society would help us in, so, fellows, get in and consider such an organization.

With the beginning of the new term the enrollment in the shops has greatly increased by the coming in of the Freshmen.

Many new boys have joined the ranks of Mr. Grant's carpenter recruits. A big bunch of fellows are busy under the leadership of Welsh, setting up window frames on the new Wilmerding Building. Franz, with the assistance of "Bill" Orr, has been busy all this quarter making window frames. Fisher and Stromberg are building a house in the electrical shop so as to give the electricians practice at wiring. The Grounds and Property Committee has Lieb and Hanley busy building a property room.

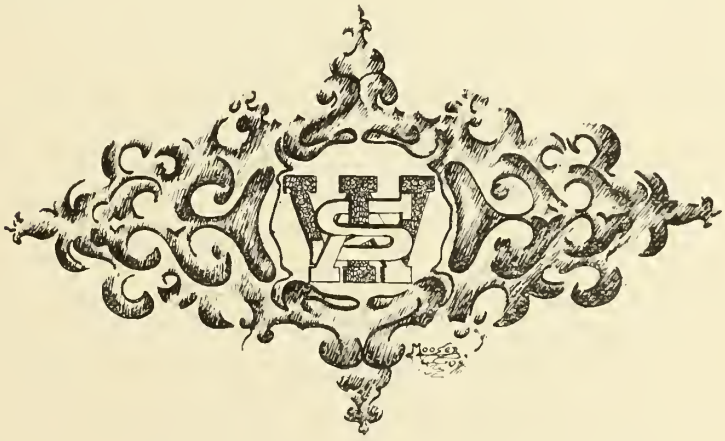
In the cabinet shop can be seen Freshmen busily engaged making joints. Nearly all the older boys are making some piece of furniture. Assalena is making a large oak bookcase with the skill of an expert cabinet-maker. Mallot and a few others are making tabourettes and tables. Mr. Maybeck, the instructor, is making a fine library table of curly redwood.

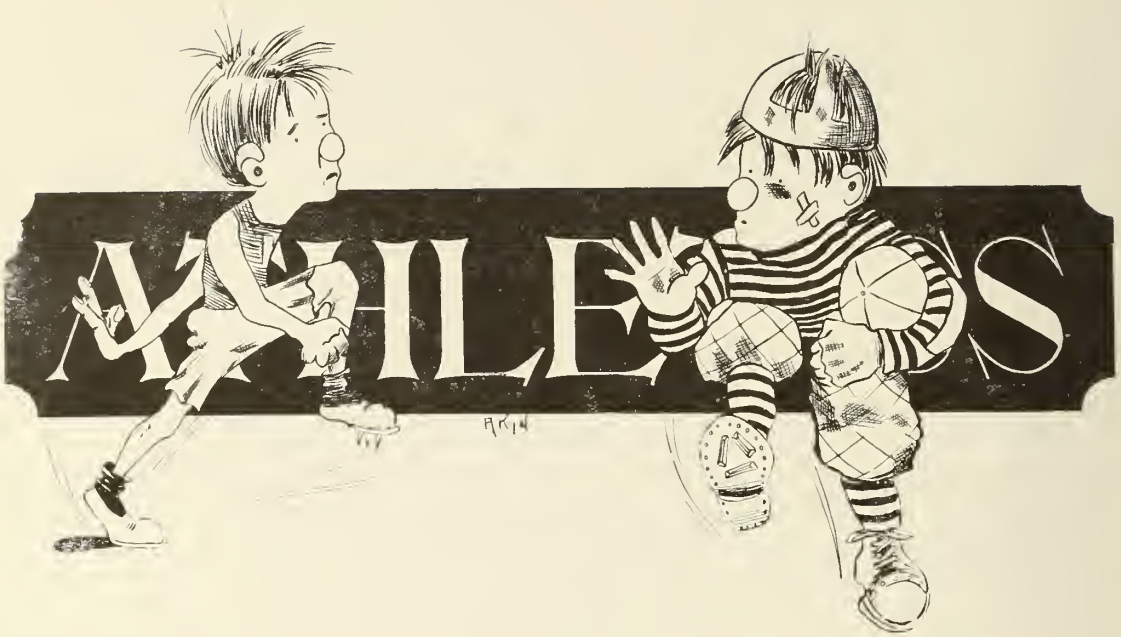
The same old familiar sound can again be heard in the electrical shop, which is the filing of blocks by Freshmen. Kammeyer and Flamm are installing a new telephone system through the building, which we hope will be a success. Nichols and Demerritt are making a fine marble switch-board for the cabinet shop, while Arms and Lisk are making one for the electrical shop. The other boys are doing odd jobs about the shop and building.

The plumbing shop has about as many boys as it can hold, and they are all busy under Mr. Wood. A sanitary system at Lick is being put in by Riordan, Tuggey and Greninger. The Freshmen and architects are taking notes, learning to wipe joints and solder, and making various tin exercises.

The bricklayers seem to be rushing matters on the ne wbuilding, as they are now on the second story and, as soon as the window frames are set, they will surely make rapid progress. Batchelder is building up the corners and with the help of Skelley and Whelin, is getting along very nicely.

Last but not least is the architectural corner, in which everybody is busy, as usual. Vitt, Wing, Dallas and Merchant are working on their "class C" buildings, while Moore is working on his suburban residence and Essmann on the future Wilmerding School.





BASKETBALL.

The athletic season this year was started off with basketball. When the schedule was arranged we were unfortunate enough to draw Lowell for our first game. They were in the pink of condition, which was shown through their remarkable fight which they put up in the second half.

LOWELL 26. WILMERDING 19.

Our game with Lowell brought forth a large crowd, as it virtually decided the sub-league, for these teams seemed to be the strongest. We were handicapped somewhat, as the man who promised to referee for us failed to put in an appearance, and as no one that we knew at the game could referee or umpire we had to allow two Lowell men to officiate.

The game was started with a rush on our part, and at the end of the first half the score stood: Wilmerding 12, Lowell 5.

When the two teams came together in the second half things looked rather bright for us, and the Lowell players as well as the crowd knew it. The two teams battled neck and neck, but finally our condition told on us, and the Lowell team made a spurt which won the game.

During the game a great many decisions were made by the referee, which brought forth the disapproval of our players, but taking the game in all, and the conditions of the two teams, Lowell seemed to have the best team. The two teams lined up as follows:

Stadfeld (captain)	Forward	Jones
Wing	Forward	Fuchs
Trowbridge	Center	Gilbert (captain)
Baumbaugh	Guard	Kotami
Berg	Guard	Holl

Referee, Noble. Umpire, Stein.

WILMERDING 33. POLY 2.

The second game we played was with Polytechnic, and our team virtually played with them, running up a high score.

WILMERDING 17. COGSWELL 18.

We had Cogswell by the score of 15-5 in the first half, but they came back strong and all we could score was 2 points in the second half.

WILMERDING 26. LICK 19.

One of the games the team played was against Lick, whom we beat rather handily. The game was hotly contested, and we finally landed on the long end.

In the games that were played Captain Stadfeld showed that he was a good, cool, heady player; Trowbridge at center also played a good, strong game, making many points.

Baumbaugh and Berg made some good field goals, and played hard, aggressive games.

Next year we will have the same team with the exception of Wing, and with plenty of material to pick from, especially the Freshman Class, who have organized a good team, we ought to win the league.

CROSS-COUNTRY.

The cross-country runners of our school again brought home the honors of second place in the annual Academic League run.

Flood, a Freshman from our school, surprised even his stanchest supporters when he came second, running a wonderfully strong race, showing that he had plenty of grit and stamina. We will surely hear again from him. Roy Willison, who came eighth last year, advanced his position to seventh this year. Ashley came thirteenth, while Skelly, Forderer and Cliff were all close up.

TRACK.

For the first time in two years track prospects look exceptionally bright, and we should make a good showing in S. F. A. L.. Of all the material on hand Baumbaugh stands out the brightest. Last year Baumbaugh was captain and was busy working with track candidates and neglected his own training; this year, however, he will be just right and we will surely hear from him.

In the sprints we will have Dallas, Vitt, Grinsell, Mallot and Baumbaugh, all of whom with a little training will make very fast dash-men.

In the middle distances we will have Ashley, Cliff, Gebhardt and Skelley; Ashley having taken points in field days before. Cliff and Skelley are two good reliable men.

In the distances we will have Flood, the young Freshman who has been doing fine work, while Roy Willison and Leon Wing are the veterans.

In the field events we look especially strong. Baumbaugh and Woodmansee are a hard combination to beat in the broad-jump, as the former is going over twenty-one and the latter over twenty feet in practice.

In the shot-and-hammer-throw we will be represented by Demerritt, who last year won the S. F. A. L., and has improved considerably since then.

In the high-jump we will have Baumbaugh, Dykemans and Gebhardt, the Freshman who has made point in club meets.

In the pole-vault we will be represented by the same trio.

In the hurdles we will have Gebhardt, Baumbaugh and Grincell, which makes it a strong team.

A dual meet has already been arranged with Lowell for March 11th.

FOOTBALL.

The playing of our football team is still in the minds of all who saw them play. After defeating Lick for the championship of the sub-league, we lost the game by protest, as one of our men was over the age limit. However, our team was in great demand and a game was arranged with Visalia, whom we played on Thanksgiving Day. The game was well attended, the whole town turning out to see it. At the end of the first half neither team had scored.

About three minutes before the game ended, in the second half, Visalia forced over a touch-down, being the only point of the game. After the game a dance was given the boys and every one had a great time.

BASEBALL.

If there ever was a team at Wilmerding that looked as if it would bring home a championship, which we narrowly missed last year, it is our baseball team. After fighting our way up last year we were beaten in the final game with Alameda by a home-run in the eleventh inning.

The services of Coach Hennessy have again been secured, and he is sure to whip the team into good condition. Of the last year's team every member is back and the competition for places on the team are extremely close.

For pitcher we will have Trowbridge, who twirled such great ball last season, making a wonderful record.

Behind the bat we will have Grinsell, a veteran catcher who is a very speedy man.

On first we will have Merchant, also a veteran of three years.

For second base the competition is the closest,—Nagle, Braunagle, Beckwith, Skelley, all of whom cover the keystone bag in fine shape.

Vitt at shortstop and Orr at third, play a steady, rip-bang game.

For the out-field there is Miller, Hanley, Willison, Stromberg and French.

The Wilmerding team is in great demand, and quite a schedule has been arranged, which is as follows:

February 8th—San Rafael.

February 15th—Oakland Polytechnic.

February 17th—Sacred Heart.

February 22d—Palo Alto.

February 29th—Ocean View.

March 7th—Oakland High.

March 14th—San Jose.

March 21st—Belmont.

March 28th—St. Matthew's.

So far this season the team has not tasted defeat, winning every game. The hardest game, which was with Sacred Heart, was won by us, they having two fine semi-professional players in it. We won, however, after a hard fight, by the score of 6 to 4.

Our game with Mt. Tamalpais only lasted five innings, and the score stood 5 to 3 in our favor.

We then played Oakland Polytechnic and it resulted in another victory for us, by the score of 6 to 2.

On Washington's Birthday our team journeyed to Palo Alto and lined up against the Palo Alto High School, whom we also defeated by the score of 6 to 1.

In all these games we have had crippled teams, showing that we had some good men to lay back on.

With plenty of practice to put them in trim, they should win the championship this year.

THE ALUMNI

That there is an Alumni Association of the Wilmerding School, is probably unknown to the student body in general.

And who is at fault? Not the students, surely!

It is our own fault that we have been dead and buried for the past two years, and again the blame should be placed in the right spot—on the officers. The officers have only one excuse to offer and that is, The members were scattered after the disaster of 1906, and all addresses rendered practically useless. But when we did start to get them together it was accomplished in a short time.

Not since the time when we were the editors of the Life, and published a sheet which we, in our vanity, supposed surpassed all others to the extent of a city block, has there been an Alumni page (not that ours was by any means complete), and that was in—some time back.

There is one school in Oakland where the Alumni has full charge of the paper. Compare that with our interest.

We have an Alumni Editor(?) When the writer told one of the teachers

of the school, who takes a great interest in the paper and all its doings, of that fact, that teacher was surprised. Now that particular Editor is a friend and classmate of mine, but he needs to be scorched and it is to be hoped he takes these lines as a personal affront and rises up in wrath to splatter ink to the extent of several pages in the next issue of the "Life".

Well and good for the scorching—now for the notes: After considerable trouble, thanks to Mr. Heidenrich and others, enough addresses of Alumni members were gathered together to call a meeting, which was held at Atelier Rixford, 728 Montgomery Street, January 20, 1908. About seventeen members were present. It was decided to allow the old officers of the organization to hold their positions in spite of their shortcomings, until the following June, when the annual elections are to be held. The officers were: W. D. Egenhoff, President; R. S. Chadbourne, Vice-President, and F. Comstock, Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Comstock wished to resign his position.

His resignation was accepted and a vote of thanks extended him for past services.

Mr. Marston was elected to fill the position.

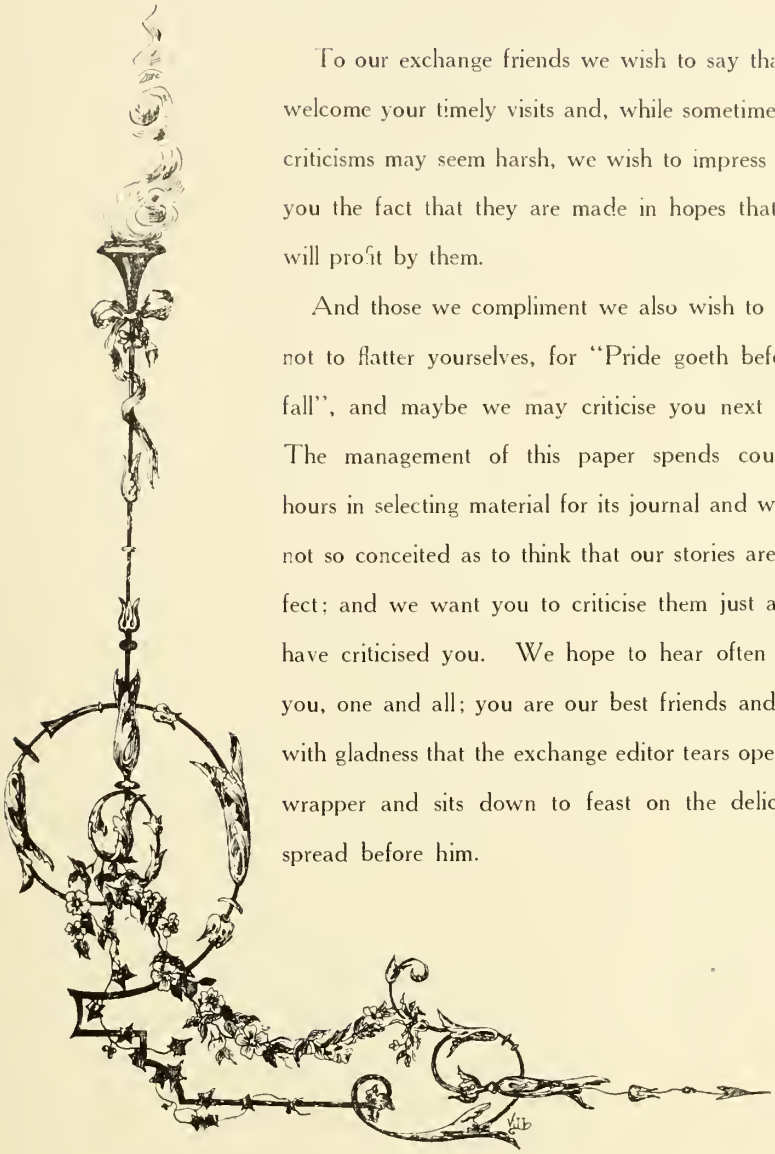
Various ways and means were discussed to make the Alumni a better organization, principally in the matter of a new constitution.

A committee of five was appointed to draft the constitution and report at the annual meeting.

The proposition was also discussed of having a meeting, in the nature of a reception, every year a month or so before the close of school, with the graduating class as the guests, in order that they might meet the Alumni and become interested in the organization.

On February 21st, we met at a dinner, in Coppa's Restaurant, on Pine street. Sixteen members were present, and the affair was enjoyed by every one. A number of amusing stories and incidents were told, those especially by Chadbourne and Langyn being enjoyed.

Exchanges



To our exchange friends we wish to say that we welcome your timely visits and, while sometimes our criticisms may seem harsh, we wish to impress upon you the fact that they are made in hopes that you will profit by them.

And those we compliment we also wish to warn not to flatter yourselves, for "Pride goeth before a fall", and maybe we may criticise you next time. The management of this paper spends countless hours in selecting material for its journal and we are not so conceited as to think that our stories are perfect; and we want you to criticise them just as we have criticised you. We hope to hear often from you, one and all; you are our best friends and it is with gladness that the exchange editor tears open the wrapper and sits down to feast on the delicacies spread before him.

The Flame, Fruitvale High; the balance is well tipped towards the literary side of your paper; it being by far the most noticeable part. The Old Maid Aunt is the most attractive; it is airy and gives the whole paper a lively tone. Your joshes may be funny to your own pupils, but to an outsider are meaningless. In the next issue the New Year Resolutions awaken a smile. The Pearl Necklace seems to be a continuation of the Old Maid Aunt and is a good supplement of the first story.

The Aegis, Oakland High, arrived sometime ago; it is well arranged and has a fine array of hints for young athletes, especially football enthusiasts. The Heir Apparent and The Sub seem to be the stars of this issue; the first is well written and although probably somewhat overdrawn has a fine moral tone. The Sub is the regulation story of a football hero, his hardships and final victory, but it still deserves credit. A little more careful proof reading would give your paper a more finished appearance.

The December Aegis has lately been received. The Lady Mine is the brilliant of this issue, and the Minister's Tale is also worthy of note. The Lady Mine is somewhat out of the ordinary in plot; the English used is the best and the final emphasis as attractive as the first. The joshes are good and enjoyed by all.

Ye Polytechnic, Throop Polytechnic Institute, we have your paper of last January, which, though an old one, is appreciated. We hope to see you often. The Seance of a Senior is the only long literary effort and the best. It is a little weightier than the average and well handled. It has more the appearance of a story from a secular magazine than from a high school journal. The departments are well arranged and the joshes especially good.

The Loyal Sons' Gazette has come again and still carries with it the same moral tone. The Boy Without a Name is a very good story, but the plot and style are so commonplace that it is seemingly forced into the second class. The departments are not large, but what there is, is of solid worth and sense. There is a decided improvement in your cuts.

The Oracle, Kern County High School. The author's poetic talent is certainly exhibited in the Day Dreams, the metre is perfect and the rhyme above criticism. The Trapper's Resuce is quite ordinary in both plot and purpose and so must be relegated to the second class. The Pirate is most novel and interesting; it is true to nature and, therefore, pleasant to read.

The December Oracle is also on our exchange table. Whoever "R. B., '09" is we wish to congratulate him or her most sincerely. Your poems give the present number their first shove towards success and the other articles by deft pushes keep the ball rolling. The stories are all so good that to pick out the prize is near the impossible, so we give them all a hearty word of praise.

The Review, Sacramento High School. The Tale of a Rat opens this volume and well may it occupy this position, the story is out of ordinary and a relief from the ordinary is appreciated. The Ode to Rome is good; it rhymes

automatically, not forcibly. Those wishing a good arrangement of departments should see the Sacramento Review for hints.

The Skirmisher, St. Matthew's School. The improvement over last issue is phenomenal; now instead of lacking life and plot, your stories are among our best. His Constancy is fine; its truthfulness to nature makes it a relief from the strained and distorted efforts to create a new "ma natur". The poems in the josh column are witty and laughable. A few cuts would improve the general effect of your paper.

The Polytechnic, San Francisco. The Lucky Hunter is the first, numerically, and first in other ways also; the outline of the story is original and, although the ending is conventional, it holds the interest to the finish. Fritz in the Sugarie is a relief from the more sedate articles. The cover is original and the departments well divided and arranged.

The Elm, San Mateo High School. The story of George Blangdon comes first and as far as we go we cannot criticise it; we only wish to compliment the author; the story has backbone in its make-up, and no one can help admiring the pluck of the hero. The Farmer and His Sons is another of those stories which does not twist nature out of a comfortable position; the farmer and his wife are justified in their final decision.

The Manzanita, Watsonville. Your cover is the most attractive part of your paper. Next in line comes Moved by a Deer's Bravery; this story is well written and covers completely, to the passer-by, the old thread-bare plot, but to the man who scrutinizes, it extends the right hand of fellowship. This fault in your paper is minimized by the arrangement of the departments and your excellent josh columns.

We have received the following exchanges, and while we have not had time to criticise them, separately, do not think that we have not read and appreciated them:

The Centennial Messenger, Oakland; The Oracle, Oakdale; The Sacramento High Review (Xmas); The Lowell, San Francisco; The Wild Cat, Los Gatos; The Jayhawker, Kansas City, Kan.; The Target, McKinley School, Berkeley; The Owl, Fresno; Red and Blue, New York; The Washington Clarion, San Francisco; The Porcupine, Santa Rosa; Blue and White, S. H. C., San Francisco; The Mountaineer, Butte, Mont.: and the Mission Graduate, San Francisco.

The Plumbing Shop has one of the largest classes it ever had, this term. Four or five of the fellows are making sanitary ash-barrels so as to be on the right side of the Health Inspector. All the new fellows are hard at work doing exercises and burning their fingers.

* * *

Miss Chase—Don't make any more of those two-cent drawings—make larger ones.

* * *

First Student—Loan me a quarter?
Second Student—When will you pay it back?
First Student—As soon as I get it.
Second Student—What's the use of me giving it to you, then?

* * *

Why did Monroe of Berkeley win the cross-country run?
Because there was a (F) flood behind him.

* * *

Miss Edwards—What are correction lines used for in surveying?
Orr—To keep the land from running into each other.

* * *

Student—I want an egg-beater.
Mr. Dodge—A what?
Student—One of those whirligigs.
Mr. Dodge—We haven't any.
Student (after thought)—I mean a hand-press.

* * *

Teacher—Is this poem original?
Freshman—Sure; copied every word of it.

* * *

Naughton (speaking of rheostats)—They are nearly the same as a rotary converser (converter).

Mr. Dodge (to Cliff, who is whistling)—Do you want some string?
Cliff—No, sir.
Mr. Dodge—I thought you might want to tie it up.

* * *

Miss Anderson—We will have a geometry examination tomorrow.
Murray—May we do it at home?

* * *

Mr. Dodge (reading)—"Care should be taken when installing 'cut-outs'."
Scholar (dreaming)—Ouch! Cut it out.

* * *

Mr. Daly—The minor gases of the air are argon, helium, neon, krypton, xenon and so on.

* * *

Wing (at student body meeting)—All you Freshmen, come out on the track! Just look at Baumbaugh, for an example; when he first came here he knew nothing and now he knows ten times as much.

* * *

"Excuse me," said a man, after stepping on Coggins' toes, while coming to school on the car.
Coggins—"Thank you."

* * *

Miss Edwards—How many have studied any of Shakespeare's works?
Skelley—I've had "The Lady of the Lake".

* * *

Bridgeford—I hate to see those new fellows working with glue.
New Kid—Why?
Bridge—Because they all get stuck up.

* * *

Miss Anderson—What is 5 times 2, Hanley?
Hanley, who had been asleep, looks around the room, questioningly.
Riordon (in an undertone)—Seven.
Hanley (aloud)—Seven.

* * *

Dietterle (in lecture on Yosemite Valley)—Here we have the biggest bluff in the country.
Student (in audience)—Where?
Dietterle (pointing)—Right here.

* * *

Mr. Daly—What is an air pump?
Freshman—Something that pumps air.
Mr. Daly—Where is the air pumped to?
Freshman—It is pumped into soda-water, so when you open a bottle it "pops".

THE BEST STATIONERY, SCHOOL SUPPLIES, LUNCHES, CANDIES AND CORNUCOPIAS will be found at

355 Potrero Avenue

MRS. M. DONOHUE - - - PROP.

JONAS THE TAILOR

Up-to-date Suits 20 dollars and up

1728 Fillmore St.

Bet. Post and Sutter

San Francisco California

George Holl

Dealer in

Boots and Shoes

3014 Mission St.

Near 26th Street San Francisco

METROPLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

R. H. Webster, Pres. P. A. Espina, Penman L. A. Jordan, Mgr.

The Best Business Training School in the State

Inspection and comparison invited.

925 Golden Gate Ave. Phone Fell 6426

SPECIAL TO STUDENTS
FOR
BASE BALL, TENNIS,
AND
555 Gate

c.1 The Wilmerding Life
March, 1908

c.1 The Wilmerding Life
March, 1908

Library
Lick-Wilmerding High School
755 Ocean Avenue
San Francisco, CA 94112

H. HARTJE
Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions, Wood, Coal, Hay and Grain
Telephone Market 2112
16th and Potrero Ave. San Francisco, Cal.

IRVINE, WIRTH & JACHENS

Manufacturers of

School, Club and Lodge

. P I N S .

Seals, Badges, Stamps, etc.

2129 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Whittier Coburn Co.

Manufacturers and Importers

Paints, Oils and Glass

Japalac and Wood Stains

Cor. Howard & Beale St. San Francisco

Forderer Cornice Works

Incorporated

Architectural Sheet Metal Work
Fire-Proof Window Frames and Sashes
Cornices Skylights Roofing

269 Potrero Ave. Near 16th St.
2 Blocks south from Junction
10th and Brannan Streets

Phone Market 124